

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1885.

NO. 43.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays  
AT  
\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Seven negroes were killed by a railroad accident in Georgia.  
—Anthony Eckhoff has been made fifth Auditor of the Treasury.  
—The payments made on account of pensions so far during the present month amount to \$7,290,000.

—Riverside Park, New York City, will be the resting place of Gen. Grant instead of Central Park as first decided.

—Col. Wm. S. Darnaby, a prominent member of the Central Kentucky bar, died at his home in Georgetown Monday.

—The Fayette Court House has been completed and court is being held in it this week for the first time. It cost \$118,763.

M. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—Everything is paraded and dry.

—The Mt. Vernon String Band have been furnishing excellent music for the Institute.

—Mrs. Grinnell and family, of Taylorsville, Ky., are visiting Mrs. J. E. Vowell, Miss Emma Oscar, of Missouri, is spending a few days with relatives at this place.

—Quite a number of London citizens were in town last Monday to hear the discussion between W. R. Ramsey and "Uncle Doc" Goins, candidates for Legislative honors.

—Next Monday is election day. Every democrat should be at the polls and vote, and every one should vote the following ticket: For State Treasurer, Jas. W. Tave, for State Senator, M. J. John D. Harris, for Legislature, Henry Magee, of Laurel county, for constitutional convention—yes, and especially see that you vote for Henry Magee.

—The State Board of Equalization has raised the valuation of land in this country 19 per cent. or from \$36,671 to \$638,638 and on town and city lots 10 per cent., or \$37,235 to \$49,959, and from the valuation of personal property they have deducted 19 per cent. or from \$209,111 to \$169,389 and have reduced the value under the equalization law from \$97,155 to \$94,632, making a total raise on the total valuation in the county of \$63,435.

—The members and visitors of the Teachers' Institute have been giving some excellent entertainments, more especially the one last night. It was participated in by Miss Luva Evans, of this county, who read an essay on this subject: "Our Inheritance." The subject of essay read by Miss Mattie Williams was "William Ward's worth." Mrs. Ross Nebbit recited "The Moneyless Man," and Prof. Dodge, of Berea, delivered a medley. The essays were beautifully written and excellently rendered. Mrs. Nebbit recited the poem in a pleasing manner. To-night there is to be a social reunion for the benefit of the teachers.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and rapid cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has left it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming the paper, W. A. Nease, 12 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Obstinate Louise.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Here is an anecdote of Victor Hugo, told by his secretary, M. Lescille: A charitable lady, Mme. Paul Meurice, used, during the siege of Paris, to distribute the poor's alms, besides many gifts of her own, to the necessitous during that trying time. She came one day to tell Victor Hugo of a poor woman whom she had found in the most wretched state of destitution, and immediately received from him 100 francs for the alleviation of her needy protege. A hundred francs, even with siege price, could be made by care to go a long way, and the post was accordingly somewhat surprised when next day Mme. Meurice told him that "Louise was as badly off as ever." "What about the 100 francs of yesterday?" "Ah, the 100 francs. She has given them away to poor mothers, to little children starving of hunger and cold." "Good; here is another 100 francs upon the express condition she keeps them for herself."

"Is it only on this condition he gives them?" said Louise on hearing this message. "Exactly." "Then you may take them back. Thank Victor Hugo for his good intentions, for which I am grateful." Mme. Meurice was embarrassed. She dared not take the money back to Victor Hugo, and so handed it unconditionally to the "obstinate Louise." The obstinate Louise was none other than Louise Michel.

Iron Railroad Axles Safest.

[Chicago Herald.]

A special committee on railroad axles have, by a majority, reported that iron axles are safer than steel axles, that all crank should have the webs hooped, that as iron cranks appear to fail after running about 200,000 miles and steel after 170,000 miles, it is highly desirable that they should be taken off and never again used in passenger engines, and that crank axles properly constructed are as strong as straight axles.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

A Yankee Girl's Career in England—Her Influence in Politics.

[New York Sun.]

A few years ago Miss Jennie Jerome, the second daughter of Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, met Lord Randolph Churchill at a dinner in Paris. Attracted by her beauty and the brilliancy of her conversation, he soon confined his attention to her. Those who sat near them stopped talking and listened to them with undisguised admiration. Miss Jerome was noted for her conversational powers, but they had never seemed to her friends as brilliant as on this occasion. Lord Randolph, however, proved a match for her. Her satire was met with sparkling repartees and her wit and humor for once found a fair exchange. When the ladies had withdrawn Lord Randolph turned to a friend and said, enthusiastically:

"That's the brightest woman I ever met, and added, with the seriousness of a fatalist, "and I mean to marry her."

Singularly enough, while he was saying this Miss Jerome was making an almost identical remark concerning him to one of her sisters. Perhaps that evening she played her favorite Chopin nocturnes more tenderly and woolly than ever. At all events Lord Randolph was not slow in discovering that he had made as deep an impression on her as she had upon him. Within a fortnight of their first meeting they were engaged and very soon afterward married. By this union Lord Randolph secured a wife whose aspiring and ambitious temperament has spurred him on in his political career and whose income is sufficient to form a welcome addition to his small annuity. Mr. Jerome conveyed to his daughter before her marriage the valuable property upon which the University club of this city stands. Lord Randolph is a younger son of the late duke of Marlborough. Between his elder brother, the present duke, and himself there has existed a feeling of hatred, to which rather than to his enthusiasm for the Liberal cause the duke's opposition to Lord Randolph is credited.

That this opposition has inspired Lady Randolph Churchill to take part in her husband's canvass, as related in our cable dispatches, has not surprised her host of friends here, who know her to be as plucky as she is accomplished, and who remember that, while she can play Chopin divinely, she is also an intrepid follower of the hounds, and usually in at the death. Indeed, her friends openly proclaim that a large share of her husband's political success should be credited to her; that his rise to prominence dates from the time when she began to follow him, and that his brilliant guerilla tactics are inspired by her. It is possible that her friends exaggerate the part she plays in her husband's political affairs, and that his unpopularity here leads her American friends to underestimate his ability.

Though he is nominally a Conservative, he is in some respects more democratic in his ideas than the average Liberal. His views on the Irish question show strong traces of American influence, and his political methods often have a dash of the American pluck in them. His wife, during their sojourn in Ireland, won the hearts of the people, and it is no doubt to her that the modification in Lord Randolph of the traditional Conservative views on the Irish question is due. He is thoroughly progressive, another American characteristic. In these opinions and methods his wife's influence may be traced.

A Fortified Gambling House.

[San Francisco Call.]

On the east side of Dupont street, a building is being altered for the purpose of establishing a restaurant in it, and in connection therewith there is being fitted up a room which will be used by Chinese gamblers. The room is twenty-five feet wide by eighteen deep. The studiing has been covered inside and out with grooved and tongue pitch pine. The outside of each partition is covered with sheet iron one-eighth of an inch thick, and fastened by means of round headed carriage bolts, set about five inches apart.

The entrance from the street is through a narrow door set in the western partition, and hid from view by a large staircase that leads to the upper floor. The casing of this doorway is covered with steel strip, a quarter of an inch thick and several inches wide, which are as well secured to the partition as the door itself. On the floor in place of the ordinary threshold, there is a thick mat. From the interior the door is fastened by means of a swivel bar, which fits into the sockets, and in addition thereto there is a heavy iron-bound piece of timber six feet long, which, if occasion requires, may be thrown against the door as a brace, from a floor board. The door itself is of three-inch pine, covered with a quarter inch steel plate strongly riveted.

In the rear partition there is a door that opens into a large kitchen connected with the restaurant. The kitchen is a room, the walls of which are of brick. Two windows light the room, but each of these has heavy iron grating set in them. This place is so strongly fortified that, under the most favorable circumstances, officers having wedges, axes, pinchbars, and iron mauls could not effect an entrance under an hour's very hard work.

The purpose of the door to the kitchen is that in case a raid is made, the players may carry the evidence which, if found, would lead to conviction into the cook shop, and destroy it by throwing it into the furnace.

The British Cabinet.

[Philadelphia Press.]

The British cabinet is purely an expedient, does not rest upon any law, and its members are not recognized by the statute books. The constitution of England, itself unwritten, recognizes the privy council, but the privy council, ever since George I snubbed it because he could no longer understand the language in which it deliberated than could its members that in which he expressed his homesickness and threatened to go back to Germany, has no political, legislative or executive power. It was simply an advisory body, and as its advice was not followed it long since ceased to offer any.

The cabinet, which yields such enormous power, never goes upon record in the law. Its deliberations are not written down. No statute declares the house to which they shall belong, or what ministers shall, and what shall not form the cabinet. It is only in comparatively recent times that an adverse vote began to be interpreted as a request to the prime minister to resign. The first occasion of the kind was in the case of Sir Robert Walpole, but the fall of the chief did not mean the fall of his colleagues.

There is no earlier instance of the change of a whole ministry under adverse circumstances than the administration of Lord North under George III.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY, a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Cancer Mouth.

For sale by Penny & McAlister.

GRAFTON'S CHRONOLOGY.

Born at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio.....April 27, 1822.

Entered West Point Military Academy.....1839

Graduated and entered the army.....A. 1843

Commissioned 2d Lieutenant.....Sept. 3, 1845

Promoted to First Lieutenant.....Sept. 8, 1847

Married to Miss Julia T. Dent.....1848

Promoted to Capt.....Aug. 5, 1852

Resigned.....July 31, 1854

Reported for duty to Gov. Yates.....April 27, 1861

Made Col. 21st Reg't Ill. Vol. ....June, 17, 1861

Commissioned Brig. Gen. Vol. ....Aug. 7, 1861

Battle of Belmont.....Nov. 7, 1861

Captured Fort Henry.....Feb. 6, 1862

Captured Fort Donelson.....Feb. 16, 1862

Battle of Shiloh.....Apr. 6-7, 1862

Vicksburg captured.....July 4, 1863

Promoted to Maj. Gen., regular army.....July 1863

Battle of Chattanooga.....Nov. 23-25, 1863

Made Lieutenant General.....March 9, 1864

Moved to Richmond.....May 8, 1864

Battle of the Wilderness.....May 5, 6, 7, 1864

Battle of Cold Harbor.....June 1, 1864

Petersburg—first attack.....June 17, 1864

Petersburg—second attack.....July 30, 1864

Hatcher's Run.....March 29, 1865

Five Forks.....April 1, 1865

Petersburg captured.....April 2, 1865

Richmond captured.....April 3, 1865

Lee Surrendered.....April 9, 1865

Commissioned General.....July 25, 1865

Major Secretary of War.....August 12, 1867

Nominated for President, Chicago.....May 21, 1868

Renominated at Philadelphia.....June 5, 1872

Retired from Presidential office.....March 4, 1877

Began his foreign tour.....May 17, 1877

Returned via San Francisco.....Sept. 29, 1870

Made Tour in Mexico.....1880

Second Tour in Mexico.....1882

Located in New York.....1882

Placed on the retired list.....March 3, 1885

Died at 8:00 o'clock, Thursday, July 23, 1885

aged 63 years, 2 months and 25 days.

Five years ago a remarkably bright and pretty girl of 17 worked in a San Francisco laundry.

The son of wealthy parents fell in love with her, she returned his passion but said she would not marry him as she was uneducated and coarse. Then he offered to send her away to school. She accepted this offer.

During the ensuing four years she was in a Montreal convent, very apt and studious.

The training wrought all the change that was desirable and the wedding took place with a long tour in Europe afterward.

The couple returned to San Francisco lately.

To show that she had neither forgotten nor was ashamed of her former employment, the bride gave a grand supper to those of her old companions who could be brought together.

Personal regard for a candidate should not, and in our case will not, blind us to the real features involved in his candidacy. Judge Fox is the instrument used by the republican party in Kentucky to damage the democracy. He denies this, which is all the worse for him; every one else sees plainly that to which he appears blind. We wish him a long life in which to report of the political sins of omission and commission of which he is indisputably guilty. He is being lauded at by the scheming wretches, who expect to be the beneficiaries of his efforts to disrupt the democratic party, and yet refuse to see or believe it.

Judge Fox has our profoundest sympathy.

—[Louisville Times.]

Statistics are valuable. Here are some that are particularly interesting: The whole number of postmasters in the classes appointed by the President is 2,233. The whole number appointed by the Postmaster General is 51,000. President Cleveland has already appointed 450 and Postmaster General Vilas 3,500. That is to say, at the present rate of putting democrats into office the work will be finished, so far as Mr. Cleveland is concerned in about 20 months, and so far as Mr. Vilas is concerned in about 67 months, or say in March 1891, if the process is not interrupted by unforeseen contingencies.

MISSING HIS DEER.—I have heard a good story of an old settler in this region who had never killed a deer, but was fortunate enough to entrap one in a snare.

"Now," said he to his wife, "I'll have it to say that I killed one deer."

So he tied a rope about the animal's horns and fastened it to a tree. Carefully loading his big rifle, he stepped off a few paces and aimed deliberately at the buck's head.

Bang went the gun, the dust flew from the rope, and the deer bounded off, free and unfettered, to enjoy the pleasures of his haunts in the green wood. The bullet had cut the rope in twain.—[Valdosta (Ga.) Times.]

The purpose of the door to the kitchen is that in case a raid is made, the players may carry the evidence which, if found, would lead to conviction into the cook shop, and destroy it by throwing it into the furnace.

MISSING HIS DEER.—I have heard a good story of an old settler in this region who had never killed a deer, but was fortunate enough to entrap one in a sn

Stanford, Ky., July 31, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

BOB INGERSOLL, the celebrated infidel and radical high priest, was once asked to explain how a certain miracle could have been performed if the Author of it was not divine. Said Col Bob in reply, "The explanation is easy enough. That account of a miracle is all a d—d lie. None ever occurred." Omitting the profanity, the use of which we carefully avoid in these columns, we might with much greater truth than characterizes Col. Bob's response, furnish the same explanation of certain conundrums propounded to us recently by our brother-in-the-craft of the Somerset Republican, whose party zeal recently is not tempered by its usual wisdom. To illustrate the character of these conundrums we quote the following. "Why is it that in 1871 it cost only \$282,577 to put \$1,719,012 in the treasury, or 14 cents on the dollar, while in 1875 it cost \$444,075 to put in only \$1,655,977 or 21 cents on the dollar?"

Dr. Franklin, whose sense of humor was equal to his learning, once drily asked the scientific professors of Paris, why a fish dead outweighed the same fish alive? The philosophers pondered the query for a year or more, each one furnishing a different explanation until the Doctor was finally appealed to for the true reason why the dead fish outweighed the live one. He simply answered: "It doesn't do it."

Is our Bro. mocking us? Is he simply trying to be dull and funny like Dr. Franklin? We score to charge that so accurate an accountant as the editor of the Republican is known to be, fails to comprehend a plain, tabulated statement of the Auditor; nor do we intimate that the Pulaski Prodigy in figures who so recently boasted that two-thirds of his party wasn't a d—d nigger, furnished the facts, or rather dealt out the fancies which furnish our brother's mathematical puzzle. 1st. "Why did it cost \$282,577 to put \$1,719,012 in the Treasury, or 14 cents on the dollar?" As Col. Bob says, the explanation is easy. It didn't do it. Come to the blackboard, good friend, and illustrate your mathematics. Show us how you can make 14 cents on the dollar on either the gross or the net sum paid into the Treasury for that year, equal to \$282,577. The republican party has always been considered able in the cardinal rules of addition, multiplication, division and silence, but even Dorsey or Steve Elkins, or the widow Pinkston would gnaw up a State pencil in "doin' this sum."

You will perceive on prayerful study that you don't exactly comprehend what is meant by the words "14 per cent" in the right hand column of the tabulated statement of the Auditor on page 19, to which you so kindly and so specially called our attention. Neither is it true as a fact, nor does the statement of the Auditor justify any such deduction, that it cost \$282,577 to put the revenues of '71-2 into the Treasury. The sheriff's commissions were for that year, \$74,943.70. The compensation of Assessors was \$56,063.46. The pay of the Revenue Supervisors \$2,066.00. The fees of the clerks for copying the Assessors' books \$16,124.50. Now add these sums together, according to Ray, part 1st, and not according to Elkins, Dorsey & Co., and we have \$149,197.66—a small difference of over \$133,000, which, however, we admit, is no great matter in republican book-keeping.

"While it cost \$444,075 to put in only \$1,655,977 or 21 cents on the dollar."

Our astonishment grows. The gross amount received into the Treasury for that year was the sum of \$1,750,882.53. But our brother in his indifference to all proper rules of calculation, in order to force a correspondence between his alleged statement of 21 per cent. and this fearful sum of \$444,075, counts against a democratic administration over \$56,000 worth of land sold to the commonwealth and what is still more marvellous, the delinquencies and exoneration of that year amounting to the sum of \$170,156.46. Is this fair; is it just; is it even good morals, leaving out the question of mathematics? Go to, good friend, and study Gow's Morals and Manners, for sale by all respectable druggists or book stores. But what charms us most is the imperturbable serenity with which the democratic party is made responsible for the delinquent tax payers. Who compose at least 90 per cent of this large and interesting body? If specimens are wanted they can be found swarming like flies and stinking like carrion around depots at train time; lounging on street corners and paying occasional visits to pig sty and chicken roosts. We do not charge that they compose chiefly that other third of the radical party, of which its chairman and secretary seem a little ashamed, but we do protest that if, by any sort of strange possibility they do belong to that third the democratic party should not be held accountable for their delinquencies.

What then was the cost of paying into the Treasury the revenue for 1875? The sheriff's commissions \$93,598.46; Assessors \$68,685.65; Revenue Supervisors \$5,733; clerks for copying Assessors' books \$20,485.36, which makes a total of \$188,503.07; or \$255,572 less than the Republican says it was. No wonder the state is going into bankruptcy at such a break-neck speed, if adical figures are to be relied on. Such methods of calculation would bankrupt the United States in less than a year. Like many other folks, Col. Sellers made large fortunes on paper. His eye water cost him only 50 cents per barrel. He estimated that there were 100,000,000 people in Asia; but every one of them had two sore eyes, and that it would take one bottle to each eye to affect a cure. The bottles could easily be sold at \$2 a piece.

Surely "there was millions in it." Col. Sellers was an optimist as well as a financier. The Republican is a pessimist and a financier. Sellers builds up a tremendous fortune on paper; while on the reverse side of this sheet the Republican goes into beggary and bankruptcy.

Do extremes meet; or is this bit of a saying only a poetic fancy?

We are asked several other questions by the Republican, each of which carries with it, to any man of good sense and common information, its own answer. For instance, "Why is an additional tax of 5 cents to be levied to build a branch penitentiary?" We answer how else could it be built? Do you suppose it could be done without money? The resources of the sinking fund can not be constitutionally applied to this expense—though the radical party has never perceived that a constitutional inhibition was an impediment—the revenues of the common schools could not be appropriated, and so there remains but one other source, the revenue proper. Now the Republican certainly should know that one of the cardinal distinctions between a representative democracy and a monarchy is that the latter keeps piles of money hoarded in coffers, because the government is everything and the people nothing, while the former in the administration of its revenue proper, undertakes to keep on hand only so much as is necessary to defray current expenses. The building of a branch penitentiary is a needless thing, but one which the government is not called upon to do more than once or twice in several generations. So it is that in the imposition of taxes no account is taken, except when the exigency arises, of the costs of such works and then when it becomes proper to erect them a tax is bound to be imposed or they remain, as the Republican's bankrupt Treasury, only on paper.

We cannot afford space to go further into detail. The Republican has asked questions and we have answered them. If chance, there should be a "power behind the throne" who seeks to keep fresh the visions of financial derangement which his fancy detected about two years ago, peering above the political horizon, we trust that he may appropriate the answers to himself.

Meanwhile, being of a timid and retiring disposition, we do not dare anybody to knock a chip off our head. We prefer to write of our local events and short paragraphs of political news, with now and then a line or two of comment; but if other folks are bound to have a dry discussion of figures and financial mismanagement, we will undertake to show, at least, that a kettle has no right to call a pot black face.

AS THE election occurs Monday we make a last appeal to democrats to vote for the nominee, James W. Tate, for State Treasurer. He is a tried and true man, against whom the breath of scandal has never rested and has managed his office most admirably. He is a straight-out democrat, unlike his opponent, Judge Fox, who claims to be a democrat, but runs on a prohibition platform, while really his candidacy is in the interest of the republicans. Democrats urge you not to be led captive by so gaudy a scheme to reduce our majority, but go to the polls and show to Mr. Cleveland that Kentucky is still the stronghold of democracy and that we heartily endorse him and his administration, by rolling up an increased majority.

THE race of a certain judge is spoken of as a "Fox chase" but if every democrat will go to the polls and vote for Tate, he will feel next Tuesday like he had been in the worst wild goose chase ever recorded. Step right up Monday and vote this ticket: For Treasurer—Jno. W. Tate.

For State Senator—Maj. F. D. Rigney. For County Judge, of Lincoln—Hon. Thos. W. Varon. For Constitutional Convention—Yes.

THE citizens of Henderson will celebrate the opening of the Henderson Bridge, built by the L. & N., next Thursday, 6th, in grand style. The programme includes a reception and lunch from 1 to 3 P. M.; carriage and bridge excursions, from 3 to 6; dinner from 6 to 7½ toasts and responses from 7½ to 9; and pyrotechnics from 9 to 11. The committee of invitation kindly offer to furnish free transportation to the invited guests.

FOR attempt at rape the penalty inflicted by the law is far inadequate, hence the disposition of the people to take the matter in their own hands. Castration should be the penalty and for rape death alone.

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, a nephew of the great Robert E. was nominated for Governor of Virginia by the democrats on the first ballot and he will be elected beyond peradventure.

MR. CHARLES E. HOGE, of the Mason & Foard Co., Frankfort, sends us a well illustrated catalogue of the chairs and other fine furniture being manufactured by the firm.

DРИPPING SPRINGS.

To day we received twenty-five guests, on Tuesday we are to get another crowd and still more to follow on Saturday. We have them here from Kansas City, South Carolina, Louisville and all the local towns and there never was a nicer set of people than those who have been here this season.

Everybody delighted, and say they are coming back next season and bring their sisters, cousins and aunts. Resp.

D. G. SLAUGHTER.

P. S. Grand picnic Saturday.

Monday the citizens of Atlanta Ga., laid the corner stone of a soldiers' monument which is to be 180 feet high, and will cost, as estimated, \$100,000. It will commemorate the soldiers who fought and who fell on either side in the civil war, and near the base of the column will be niches for the statues of Grant and of Lee, of Johnson and of Sherman.

According to careful calculations of experts the aggregate superficial area of all

## GEO. O. BARNEs.

Visits the Pantheon, the Baths and the Catacombs.

### ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, June 18th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR.—Until I get done with Italy you need not expect much from India, even had I anything to report. Our life is a very quiet, waiting one just now. The plains are burning up in the fiery heat; gasping residents longing for the welcome Monsoon, that will bring the rains to temper the fierce power of the scorching winds, as well as start the shrunken vegetation into fresh existence. The "rainy season" is India's life. It will not be so pleasant on the hills as the dry, but for others we wish it may come when the time comes. All well and happy. Praise the LORD. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNEs.

ROME, Feb. 24th, '85.—I forgot in yesterday's record, our visit to the Pantheon, which we took in after our lunch. The only ancient edifice in Rome with walls and roof perfectly preserved. When one thinks that it was erected 27 years before the beginning of the Christian era, it is simply marvellous how it escaped Goth and Vandals and Lombard as it has. For 1,200 years it has been a church; before that a heathen temple. The son-in-law of that Caesar Augustus, who ordered "the world to be taxed," Luke ii. 1, built it and a colossal statue of that Emperor once adorned its ample portico. The peculiarity of the great building is one, I have only seen in it—it is lighted by a single circular aperture in the centre of the dome. The effect is very peculiar. It looks as if the dome had been left incomplete; but the light is very fine. Victor Emmanuel lies buried here; his vault is loaded with chaplets and ornamental wreaths. United Italy's first King, is enshrined in the hearts of his people. And he was worthy of their homage. A straightforward, brave, unselfish gentleman, who lived for Italy; and left behind him a grand name. This ancient temple is a fitting mausoleum for the worthy monarch.

Raphael lies on the other side of the great altar. Only 37, as his tomb informs us, when death claimed this prince of artists. England has just bought one of his paintings for 70,000 pounds sterling—\$350,000. No so prodigious a price did ever painting bring before.

We were told that a visit to the Pantheon by moonlight is most impressive, and in some respects even more so than the Colosseum, but we did not go back. It is a sturdy structure with brick walls 20 feet thick, once covered with costly, polished marble slabs; but these have long since been stripped and scattered.

Our fourth and last day in Rome was a very full one. First we drove to the Baths of Caracalla—a wonderful ruin, where the officials keep an eye on you lest you pocket the mosaics that are scattered around by the thousand. Here, acres of pavement were all in mosaics, and these pretty inch square marbles, nearly 2,000 years old, are perpetually becoming loosened under the tread of so many thousands of visitors, presenting a great temptation to "petit larceny." Room for 1,600 bathers at once. Built 1,650 years ago—begun by one Emperor, continued by another; finished by a third. Magnificence so unparalleled must needs consume 3 lives to complete it. I pity the first poor fellow, giving his name to them, but never looking on his finished bath—360 yards in length, the same in breadth in the quadrangle. So many chambers that the most expert antiquarian gives out guessing and confesses utter ignorance of the uses many were put to. The heating apparatus is a marvel of ingenuity, and has quite a modern look with the hot air flues and all complete. O the millions it must have cost! Gone now to "everlasting smash;" roof fallen in, blocks and chips of exquisite marble piled here and there or ranged in rows, all that is left of the former magnificence! Some of the finest relics of the past, scattered in museums elsewhere, came from these famous baths—notably the Farneese, Hercules and Farneese Bull, known to lovers of art, and now in Naples museum.

From these indescribable Thermæ we drove to the Catacombe of Callistus. The spot is quite a drive beyond the city walls, the imperial government in the olden times being very strict in forbidding burials of any kind within the city limits.

For these "Catacombs" are as is generally known, the burial places of christians of the first three or four centuries of our era; extending around the entire city in a wide circle.

The heathens disposed of their dead by cremation; which fact gives its distinct Christian feature to these vast cemeteries, the extent of which is even now imperfectly known. Upwards of 40 groups of these sepulchral burrows—varying in extent—have been discovered. But

only one—that of St. Callistus—has been thoroughly excavated and explored. How

these kept shape for 1,500 years, so as to admit of excavation at all? The answer to this is that nearly all the hills around

Rome are formed of tufa, a soft, porous,

sandstone, of volcanic origin, unfit for

building purposes on account of its softness, yet perfectly adapted for these exca-

vations for burying the dead. And here,

until it became the fashion to inter near

churches, the christians of the early centu-

ries were laid away, in these remarkable

subterranean passages; through whose ma-

zes we stumbled along after our guide in

single file, till our wax tapers were ex-

hausted. By which time we all voted

that we had had enough of it and were not

sorry to emerge into the air and sunlight

again.

According to careful calculations of ex-

perts the aggregate superficial area of all

the Catacombs, yet discovered, would cover 600 acres; and if the whole of these underground burrows were placed in a continuous line, their total length would exceed 500 miles, which will give my readers (thanks to the guide-book) some idea of their amazing extent. These were often used as hiding places by the christians in times of persecution, and many were followed and slain in the winding ramifications of the Catacombs. In the revolution of centuries, in due time, "relic hunting" became all the rage, and saints bones are at a premium. Martyrs were common at Rome, and the Catacombs with their accumulation of holy remains became a very gold mine. The traffic in relics, would fill more books to tell it than the history of stock gambling on the Bourse, or Royal Exchange. One of the Popes, when the Pantheon became the church of "S. Maria ad Martyres" in A. D. 609, buried 28 wagon loads of holy bones, under the great altar. That a skeleton was found in Roman soil gave an odor of sanctity to it, sufficient to warrant a prompt sale; and it undoubtedly happened that many "sinners" buried in the Catacombs, because of Christian parentage or connection, became "saints" in the way of trade, and were distributed in fragments to work fancied wonders among the credulous.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Smiley sells the cheapest and best coal.

Office corner 3d and Green streets.

—Miss Agnes Samuel, of Hot Spring

Arkansas, is visiting the family of her uncle, Mr. H. E. Samuel. Mr. Wood Wallace, of Louisville, is in town. Mr. W. E. Thomas has returned from a visit to friends at Russellville.

—John W. Iryne, of this place, owns a

hen which hatched out a brood of chick-

ens the past spring. Those chicks grew rap-

idly to hen and roosterhood and one of

them some weeks ago began laying and on

the eggs so laid the old hen is now setting.

Query—when the chickens come will the

old hen be their mother or their grandmas?

—Dr. R. W. Dunlap died Friday night

at 12 o'clock at the residence of his sister,

Mrs. R. R. Jones, of heart disease, of which

he had suffered for many months past. Dr.

Dunlap was a native of Fayette county

but spent a greater part of his professional

life in Danville, where he has always been

regarded as a leading physician. He was

married four times, his last wife, who died

about a year ago, being a Lincoln county

lady, Miss Bailey, who was the mother of all his surviving children, one, Maj.

W. W. Dunlap, of Colorado, whose mother

was a daughter of the late John McLane.

Dr. Dunlap was in the 69th year of his

age. The funeral occurred this morning

from the Christian church and was largely

attended.

—Your correspondent went to the jail

this morning and had a talk with Lewis

Stanford, Ky., - - - July 31, 1885

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:30 P. M.
" South	1:40 P. M.
Extra train " South	2:32 A. M.
" North	2:05 A. M.

Time is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

GUY.  
SCHOOL Books at Bourne's.  
MACHINE Needles at Bourne's.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

Buy the Hare Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style, Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Bourne's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it your money will be refunded.

PERSONAL.

ROBERT HARDING, Esq., of Danville, was here on legal business yesterday.

MISS ANNIE LOGAN has returned to Knoxville after a visit of a month to friends here.

REV. G. C. OVERSTREET and wife have taken charge of the Spencer Institute at Taylorville.

MRS. J. T. ADAMS, of Hyattsville, was here yesterday to consult Dr. Carpenter for an ear trouble.

MISS BELLE HUGHES was up from Danville yesterday, looking much better than her friends expected to see.

MRS. T. T. DAVIES is in a very critical condition. Jim Besley still lingers, but his death is only a question of a very short time.

SO MANY of our pretty girls are at the Hustonville Fair that it would be easier to name those at home than those that are gone.

MRS. J. T. HOWELL and her pretty little Ethel, of Nicholasville, who have been guests of Mrs. W. P. Tate, returned home yesterday.

MRS. N. A. RICHARDSON, of Williamsburg, who frequently wields the pen for this paper, passed to Frankfort yesterday for a visit of several weeks.

COL. WADE WALKER, of Garrard, is an applicant for Surveyor of the Port of Louisville. He is a half brother to the present incumbent and a capital man.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BRICK.—Two hundred and fifty thousand and hard and well-burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

THE Band will give a big hop to some of their friends made at Rock Castle Springs, at the Opera House to night.

MARRIED.—Eld. J. G. Livingston writes us that he united in marriage at his residence Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Holtzclaw and Miss Eliza Dishon.

It is asked where will the factory for the manufacture of the Heat Fender be located? It will be located wherever a controlling interest of the stock is subscribed.

OUR citizens were shocked yesterday to learn of the sudden death of Rev. John C. Young near the High Bridge Camp Meeting, Wednesday evening. He was a brilliant man, but unfortunately put his talents to poor use.

THE telephone line is a nuisance, which ought to be abated. It is never in condition to work especially when needed most. Yesterday we had arranged to have the Fair awards sent us but nary a sound would come over the wires.

THE colored Teachers' Institute is in session with an attendance of 12 out of 15 in the county. Prof. J. S. Hathaway, of Berea College, is conducting it in a very creditable manner and to the entire satisfaction of Superintendent J. A. Bogle.

ED. WALTON, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL had Tuesday's paper dated July 27. We suppose he didn't go to bed the night before the 28th, and counted all the same day.—[Lancaster News. The explanation is better than we could have made ourselves.

OUR kind friend, Miss Mary Logan, of Louisville, has sent us a beautiful, hand-painted plate and cup and saucer, which is one of the most artistic pieces of work we have seen in many a day. It is indeed a present to be appreciated and we do from our very heart.

If the mob had found the negro Anderson in jail Wednesday night the other negroes, Sam Embry, El Johnson and the two Hansford boys, accused of detaining white girls against their will, would also have danced from a rope's end. It was a close call.

COMING down Mill street yesterday with a load of lumber, the mule team of Mr. H. C. Gann was unable to hold the wagon back without breaks, and they were run down at a fearful rate, till striking a tree at Mr. Peter Straub's they were thrown to the ground. One was badly injured and the driver, a colored man was considerably bruised.

THOSE pianos, organs and automatic musical instruments made and sold by the John Church Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, are the best and cheapest to be had anywhere. The agents for the firm in Lincoln and Garrard county, S. R. and L. Y. Cook, say they defy the world to produce as good an instrument as the Clingle & Warren organ, or the Kansawab piano. For volume and richness of tone these instruments are without a successful rival.

FIVE Shares of Farmers National Bank Stock for sale. Apply at the Bank.

My customers will please not be imposed upon, but be sure that they get the "Belle of Stanford" Flour before they pay for it. R. T. Mattingly.

BRIGHT & CURRAN cut loose on coal, Any coal in the association delivered in town by the car at 10c or 9c on the track. The best Jellico coal at 11c delivered, 10c on track.

The wife of Ben Owaley, colored, presented him the other day with triplets, two boys and a girl. They were all alive and apparently hearty at first, but one has since died. This lot makes five children for Mrs. Owaley inside of thirteen months.

MAMMOTH CAVE.—The editor and his wife propose to take a trip to Mammoth Cave in a week or two and will be glad to have as many of their friends of both sexes accompany them as wish. Ten have already agreed to go. Call on us and learn more given.

THE County Clerk has received from the Auditor a statement of the action of the State Board of Equalization in reference to the valuation of property in Lincoln county. They alter the Assessors valuations as follows: To valuation of land 8 per cent, is added; to valuation of town lots 5 per cent is added; from personal property 7 per cent is deducted. The effect of this is to add to the aggregate taxable value of the property in the county as valued by the Assessor, the sum of \$187,729, making the total \$4,325,341. Last year the board added 16 per cent to all real estate and 2 per cent to personal property.

If the democrats and republicans will unite on the prohibition candidate, Mr. P. L. Simpson, next Monday, Mr. Bobbitt may yet never reach the promised land, which he thinks he views now at short range. And there is no reason why they should not. Mr. Simpson is the candidate of no party, though making his race on a prohibition platform. A plain, honest farmer, with considerable attainments and better informed than most men of his station, he enjoys the confidence and respect of his neighbors, who have only words of praise for him. A leading member and officer in the Christian church, he has always been a moral man and as a citizen has exerted much influence for good.

Thoroughly incorruptible, firm in his convictions and conscientious in everything, Mr. Simpson would make us a representative that would reflect credit on himself and the people of Lincoln alike, and we hope the voters will rally to his support. He is no politician, has none of the characteristics of the wily demagogue, but is a straightforward christian gentleman, upon whom all men who admire these qualities can unite.

A BOLD ATTEMPT AT RAPE.—Tuesday last a negro man went to the house of Mr. James H. Hiatt and asked his wife for something to eat. She got him a lunch and put it down where he could get it. This did not suit him and he ordered her to bring it to him, which she refused to do. He then asked her if there were any other women in the house. She told him there was not, but that Mr. Hiatt was. He pronounced that a d—n lie and immediately ran to Mrs. Hiatt and seized her. She being an unusually stout woman, he was unable to accomplish his evident purpose, though he bruised her badly about the wrist and throat. A valuable Newfoundland dog came to the rescue of his mistress when the scoundrel shot him with pistol. He then continued his assault on Mrs. Hiatt, whom he threatened to shoot if she did not cease her screams. About this time a little girl attracted by them came in sight and the would be ravisher took to his heels. He was disengaged with a sheep skin tied over his lower face, giving him the appearance of a very old man, but Mrs. Hiatt was sure he was none other than Lewis Anderson, a negro who lived in a short distance of her home for several years. That afternoon Mr. Charles Spoonamore, a brother of Mrs. Hiatt, came to town and swore out a warrant for the negro and Sheriff Menefee went out to arrest him. He got in sight of him once or twice and fired several shots, but without effect. Finally he gave up the chase, but Messrs. Lewis and Watt Dudderar, Charley Spoonamore and others continued to pursue him and at last his efforts were rewarded by his capture. Most people would have made short work of the rascal, but the gentlemen named are law-loving and law abiding and are to be praised for delivering him safely to the jailer, which they did at 2 A. M. Wednesday. The negro is a miserable looking specimen of the brute, large and burly and is not over bright mentally, judging from his orang-outang face. The next day he was brought before Judge Carson and Master Peyton appointed to defend him, but the negro preferred to waive an examination, which was his right, and he was taken back to jail, unable of course to give the \$1,000 bail. Threats were openly made of hanging the wretch and these coming to the ears of Judge Varnon he promptly ordered him to be taken to Danville for safe keeping. Thoughtless and hot-headed men, whom we are glad to say are in the minority, blame the judge for doing this, his sworn duty, but we think he deserves the highest commendation instead of censure. It was his sworn duty to see that no lawlessness was permitted and to protect the prisoner in the surest manner possible. We understand that a mob formed to come to town the night after he was taken away, which shows that the Judge acted prudently. We have never seen our people more wrought up, and while we agree with them that the brute deserves death in the most tortured form, yet since he is in the hands of the law, we counsel a submission to its forms, confident that he will receive the heaviest penalty known to his crime.

THE Hustonville Fair began Wednesday under very auspicious circumstances. The weather was fine, the exhibit good and the attendance far in excess of any first day we have seen. The location, save that it is somewhat contracted, is one of the finest we ever saw and a cooling breeze blows continually down the pretty valley. Outside of a very excellent display of stock, there are many other attractions and we do not know where a day can be more pleasantly spent. A large crowd will attend to-day and the programme is the best of the fair, including a sweepstakes roadster ring, in which the premium is \$100, balloon association, &c. The Secretaries, Messrs. Will R. Williams and C. B. Riddle, have our thanks for favors. They and all the officers are untiring in their efforts and determined to make the Fair a success. There were a number of nice spreads on the grass under the shady trees of which we were invited to partake, but as we could only accept one, we dined with the first to ask us, Mr. Jesse P. Riffe, whose good wife gave an excellent exhibition of her abilities to get up a nice repast. The Gold & Silver Band, which furnishes the music, is complimented on all sides for its splendid work. Following are the awards of the first day:

Jack under 2 years old, Levi & William Hubble, blue; J. K. Baughman, red. Jack 2 years old and over, John Baughman, blue; W. L. Caldwell, Boyle, red. Jack any age, W. L. Caldwell, blue; Levi & Wm. Hubble, red.

Jennet under 1 year old, J. K. Baughman, blue and red.

Jennet any age, Levi & Wm. Hubble, blue and red.

Buck any age, W. D. Irvine, Boyle, blue and red.

Ewe any age, W. D. Irvine, Boyle, blue and red. There were no entries in the other three sheep rings.

Special by C. C. Carpenter and J. W. Allen, best sucking horse or mare colt from Russell, Casey or Pulaski, T. A. Rynierison, Casey, blue; John Elliott, Casey, red. Saddle gelding any age, C. T. Sandige, blue; M. M. Sandige, red.

Saddle mare any age, A. E. Hundley, Boyle, blue; M. M. Sandige, red.

DRAFT HORSES.

Colt either sex, Gill Cowan, blue; J. K. Baughman, red.

Yearling either sex, John S. Goode, blue and red.

Mare or gelding any age, Capt. B. F. Powell, blue; W. B. Cloyd, red.

Stallion any age, J. S. Goode, blue; S. H. Baughman, red.

BUGGY RING.

Gelding any age, W. M. Rue, blue; J. F. Reiley, Woodford, red.

Mare any age, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

HORSES GENERAL UTILITY.

Colt either sex, under two years, J. G. McNally, Casey, blue; T. A. Rynierison, Casey, red.

Stallion, mare or gelding, 2 years and over, C. T. Sandige, blue; A. E. Hundley, red.

Special by Dr. Ed. Alcorn, best mare or horse colt, either sex, from Casey or Pulaski, T. A. Rynierison, blue; W. A. Haffey, Casey, red.

Special by M. E. Allen, best boy rider 10 years and under, McKee Riffe, a fine bridle.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Special by Monroe Walker & Sons and J. F. Witherspoon, of Lawrenceburg, slowest mule in race, J. C. Coulter, blue; J. P. Riffe, red.

Special by J. F. Witherspoon, of Lawrenceburg, slowest mule in race, J. C. Coulter, blue; J. P. Riffe, red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team, speed, wyl and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Double team

## HORACE GREELEY.

GOING A-FISHING IN WILMURT LAKE,  
NEW YORK.

A Night of Intellectual Enjoyment Followed by a Day of Piscatorial Pleasure -- The Famous Editor's Phenomenal Success.

(New York Sun.)

It was on a pleasant afternoon late in August, 1871, that Mr. Greeley was driven to the Mountain home. The air was rather chilly. He wore his old white overcoat, his shad-bellied dress-coat, and his broad-brimmed, soft, black fur hat. A plain silk watch-guard crossed his low-cut waistcoat. His mild blue eyes shone through the glasses of his gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cheveux-de-frise of white hair haloed his throat and hung over his plain black cravat. His shirt-collar was limp and partly concealed from sight, and he wore a plain gold ring on the little finger of his left hand. A tall gentleman alighted from the wagon with him. He was John F. Cleveland, at one time compiler of the Tribune Almanac, and a brother-in-law of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Matteson gave them a warm welcome.

Before sunrise next morning a white horse and a plain spring wagon stood at the door. Mr. Greeley ate some boiled eggs for breakfast. His delicious host and the saturnine brother-in-law listened to his homilies on rural life in rapt attention. After breakfast the philosopher and his companion were driven to the lake. They were carried over a fearful road. In some places it was almost as steep as the side of a house. Half-buried boulders and deep ruts alternated with strips of corduroy roadway.

Horace uttered no complaint as he was jolted and bounded from one side of the carriage to the other. The driver made an apology for the roughness of the road, but Mr. Greeley compared the trip to his ride with Hank Monk, and drew a favorable conclusion. The sun had flooded the lake with glory, and birds were twittering in the spruce trees as the party emerged from the woods. Old man French quickly espied the white overcoat. His son Jim was also on the alert, and a flat-bottomed skiff was rowed across the lake for the reception of the party. Mr. Greeley took a seat in the stern and Cleveland sat down at the bow. Jim French's strong arms pulled them to the landing near the lodge. Old man French welcomed them to Wilmurt lake. Mr. Greeley was in no hurry to fish. He expanded his lungs, and took long draughts of mountain air. He spoke of the movements of a stag who had ventured to the brink of the lake for a drink. All the morning he sat upon the steps of the stoop of the lodge with half-closed eyes, listening to the singing of the birds and the humming of bees and insects. He seemed to catch the inspiration of the woods, and expressed his feelings in words that sank deep into the hearts of his listeners.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon old man French soaked a leader, tied on some flies, and rigged out a rod and reel for Mr. Greeley. The philosopher gazed at it and shook his head. The click of the reel startled him. "No, no, Mr. French," he said, "I've no use for that. Give me a common rod with plenty of angleworms for a bait; and I shall be a boy again." The worms were dug and placed in an old tin can. A canoe-rod cut in Georgia was borrowed from Jim French. Mr. Greeley's eyes sparkled with anticipation. The desire of years was about to be filled. As he sat in the stern of the skiff, arrayed in his shad-bellied coat and his broad-brimmed hat, with his rod in the air, he made a picture fit for the pencil of a great artist. A gentle breeze rippled the surface of the lake, and made music at the bow of the skiff. Old man French roared the boat to the point of a grassy island, half a mile to the left of the lodge, where a sand bar, flanked by deep water, put out into the lake.

The boat was anchored, and old man French baited the philosopher's hook. As the weather was warm, Horace drew off his shad-bellied coat and fished in his shirt sleeves. He dropped his hook in about eighteen feet of water and awaited results. Within three minutes he was on his feet glowing with excitement. His broad-brimmed hat fell off and his rod bent like a bow with the struggles of the fish. He had struck a pound and a half trout. He made no effort to play the fish, but yanked it rudely over the gunwale of the boat. Nor did he allow old man French to take the trout from the cook. He insisted on doing that himself. A the tinted beauty flopped around his heels, his face assumed a look of mingled admiration and comicalization. French observed it, and hurriedly passed him the can of worms. Horace picked up his hat, mopped his face with a hand-damask, readjusted his spectacles and battoned his book afresh.

It was glorious fishing. As the season was far advanced, there was no black fly, and very few mosquitoes. Filmy wings clung to the lines of the fishermen, and the drops of bumble tea-filled the drowsy air. It was, probably, the happiest moment of Horace's life. He caught seven trout, weighing over ten pounds, in less than an hour. Under his exertions his shirt collar wilted, and the knot of his cravat had worked around to the side of his neck. As the seventh trout flashed in the sun-beams and was deposited in the boat, the great man laid down the rod. "That will do, John French," he said. "Not another fish will I catch to day. I have often fished before, but never at one time did I catch enough for a meal. Half of ours of these beauties will make any man a dinner fit for a king."

Mr. French raised anchor. Horace donned his shad-bellied coat, and the boat was pulled back to the ledge. The seven trout were hung in the brack gair at an angle of the stoop, in plain view of the veteran editor, who had dropped into an easy chair. He talked as only he could talk, for hours, when supper was announced. Trout, criss and savory, were served with steaming potatoes and fresh waffles. Horace devoured a wonderful appetite, and drank goblets of foaming fresh milk. After supper he enveloped himself in his white overcoat and resumed his seat on the porch. The whole household was gathered around the philosopher. His recollection again carried him back to his boyhood days, and for two hours were his hearers entertained by their recital of the stock. Horace yawned, and asked to be shown to his bed. A tall fellow was lighted, and he climbed the steps leading to the garret.

He was up before sunrise, drinking in the balmy air. He fished no more, however. His admiration of the lake was unbounded. He spoke of organizing a company for its improvement, and said that if he should take the seven trout to the city and tell his friends that he had caught them on a hook and line, within three days, he could dispose of thirty shares of stock at \$100 per share. In the afternoon he prepared for his departure. As he entered the boat he grasped old man French by the hand, saying: "John, I suppose that when the season ends, like John of old, you will be left alone in the wilderness. But bear this in mind, God and John French will not be as much isolated here as Horace Greeley in the living wilderness of New York city."

## DEATH.

(Swinburne's "Marie Faliero.")

Sure it is  
That only dread of death is veriest death  
And fear of hell blows half-life seven times  
For souls whose thought foretastes it; and  
for all.

That fear not fate or aught inevitable,  
Seeing naught wherein change breeds not  
may be changed

By force of fear or vehemence even of hope,  
Intolerable is there nothing. Seven years  
since

Mine old good friend Petrarch should have  
died,

He thought, for utter heartbreak and his  
lives,

And fills men's ears and souls with woe-

song

Than sprang of sweater season; yet is grief  
Surely less bearable than death, which  
comes

As sure as sleep on all. We deem that man  
Of men most miserably tormented, who,  
If so much length of life be left me, breathes

The wind that breathes the wave's breath  
and rejoices

No torture in their tortuous armory  
So merciless in masterdom as this,

Being far to sleep, can sleep not; tyrants  
find

What now shall fail but slumber? Yet once  
more,

If God or man would grant me this, which  
yet,

Petrarch is but a boy's wish, fain I would  
Set sail, and bid a boy's bid for half an hour,

If so much length of life be left me, breathes

The wind that breathes the wave's breath  
and rejoices

Less even in ol' the remembrance of the blast  
That blew my sail to battle, and that sang

Triumph when conquest lit me home like  
fire --

Yea, less in victory, coul'd it shine

A gain about us--less than in the pride,

The freedom, and the sovereign sense of joy  
Given of the sea's pure presence.

SIX MILLIONS GONE IN SMOKE.

No Falling Off in the Noisy Celebration of  
the Fourth.

(New York Times.)

On the late years the impression has been  
gaining ground that the old-time celebra-

tion of the Fourth of July was falling into  
desuetude, and that in the not distant future

the bonfires, fireworks, and other ac-

cessories of the day would be given up.

A visit to the various manufacturers tends to  
dispel the delusion that fireworks on the  
Fourth are going out of date.

"The fireworks season," said a leading

dealer, "begins early in February,

when the far west sends in its orders.

The factories are busy with these until early in

the spring, when the states east of the Mis-

sissippi begin to stock up. It is a curious

fact that, although the north, from Maine

to California, lays in a full stock to blow up on

the Fourth, not a dollar is spent by the

people south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers.

Mr. Greeley was in no hurry to fish.

He expanded his lungs, and took long

draughts of mountain air. He spoke of the

movements of a stag who had ventured to

the brink of the lake for a drink.

All the morning he sat upon the steps of the

stoop of the lodge with half-closed eyes, listening

to the singing of the birds and the hum-

ming of bees and insects. He seemed to catch

the inspiration of the woods, and expressed his

feelings in words that sank deep into the

hearts of his listeners.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon old man

French soaked a leader, tied on some flies,

and rigged out a rod and reel for Mr. Greeley.

The philosopher gazed at it and shook his head.

The worms were dug and placed in an old tin can.

A canoe-rod cut in Georgia was borrowed from

Jim French.

Mr. Greeley's eyes sparkled with anticipa-

tion.

French observed it, and hurriedly

passed him the can of worms. Horace picked

up his hat, mopped his face with a hand-

damask, readjusted his spectacles and battoned

his book afresh.

During the recent trials at Poona of a

Nordhoff tea-barrel gun, served by six

men, the results, as shown in a four min-

utes' test, by the hits (taking an average,

were equal to the hits of seven men with

rifles and \$1 per cent better than the hits

from four seven-pounder mountain guns.

The importance of the use of vertical fire

from such a gun was also shown.

Col. Holberton describes how, during

these trials, a canvas sheet 100 by 50 yards

was pegged down upon the slope of a Dac-

cahill presenting at 1,700 yards the seman-

ce of a road, upon which a small flag

was flying. Extraneous means for find-

ing the elevation were resorted to, but after

this had been once obtained 233 hits resulted

from a discharge of 300 bullets. Surely this

is most effective practice. Two such guns,

therefore, might hold a position that would

require 14 men.

"Whips" of the Parliament.

(Chicago Herald.)

When an important division is expected

in the British parliament certain mem-

bers of each side charge with the duty of

getting their respective partisans to the

chamber. These members are called

"whips," and the importance of the notice

served is indicated by the number of lines

employed in the underwriting always be-

neath the words of the message.

It certainly is exceedingly raw.

To chord the word dances with Arkansaw.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liv-

er Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to

you. For sale by Peony & McAlister.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure

will give immediate relief? Price 50c and \$1. For

sale by Peony & McAlister.

## DOUGLAS' DILEMMA.

INTERVIEW WITH EX-SEN. LEARNED,  
OF GREENFIELD, MASS.Interesting Circumstances Connected with  
the Sending of the "Little Giants".

St. Louis Dispatch -- How It Was

Written at Last.

(Cor. New York Tribune.)

There were two or three incidents with

which I was connected at the outbreak of

the war—a chain of circumstances—which

as I come to look back over them, were re-

markable as matters of public history. I

was in Canada when the war broke out, and

had been away from home for three weeks.

Coming across Suspension bridge, I heard

the news that the flag had been fired on at Sumter.

That was the mistake those fellows made—one of them, I had always

been a democrat, but I was a democrat.

But I said, "Off goes this

Democratic coat till this thing is settled,"

I got to New York and found a message

from Stephen A. Douglas asking me to come

to Washington.